UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C | MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1927 | NUMBER 7

TO SACCO AND VANZETTI

Courage comrades! Are you not mine own?
Striving with me and agonizing too,
To save the ignorant, the helpless, weak,
Oppressed as ever by the strong man's yoke;
The greedy strong, who know not what they do.

Have pity comrades! You who work with me,
Have pity for the judge, the mob, the crew
Who first betrayed, then sold us three for gain,
Some time they'll wish to hang themselves for shame.
Have pity then, they know not what they do.

Weep comrades, weep! Not for your wrongs nor mine.
It is but meet we pour our blood like wine
For all our comrades, toiling and athirst,
But weep for those whose fear has pierced our sides:
Ah! wretched ones! they know not what they do.

Love comrades, love! For they are still our kin—
All those poor souls who send us to our death!
In God's own time their wage of sin is paid,
They who deny the unity of life.
Love comrades, love! They know not what they do.

ELSA TUDOR LELAND.

There are times when we get very impatient with the reverence held by the average citizen for the wisdom and authority of the United States Supreme Court. There are other times, however, when we sincerely rejoice in this popular reverence for the great tribunal. One such time came along when the full bench of the Court, without a single dissenting voice, paid its respects to Harry F. Sinclair and Albert B. Fall, described their seizure of the Tea Pot Dome a conspiracy "to circumvent the law and to defeat public policy," and returned to the complete ownership and control of the United States Government the naval reserve oil fields of Wyoming. Ex-Secretary Fall was the one man, singled out as central to the whole plot, to be denounced by the Court as "a faithless public official." But other men, inextricably entangled in this dreadful case, belong in the same class of ignominy and dishonor—among them the late President Harding, former Secretary of the Navy Denby, former Attorney General Daugherty, little Colonel Roosevelt, to say nothing of those two exemplary private citizens and patriots, Sinclair and Doheny. What a gang!—and what a collapse at last of all their clever plots and plans! 'Way back in the dying days of Wilson this thing began with the Ohio pirate crew getting ready for the capture of the ship of state. The first great step was taken in Chicago when the handsome and amiable Warren Gamaliel was nominated for president at the Republican convention. The next great step was achieved with the election of Harding, and the packing of the Cabinet with a corruptionist in the Interior Department, a weakling in the Navy Department, and a crooked politician in the Department of Justice. Then came the transfers of the oil lands, to the accompaniment of bribery, blackmail, theft, chicanery, and every other crime on the calendar, not excluding murder and adultery. Never has Washington been so foul —never the government so wantonly betrayed! And Coolidge, Hughes, Hoover, be it remembered, were all in high office in this administration, all sat at the official table with the conspirators—and all were cognizant of what was going on. Then came LaFollette, Walsh, Wheeler—and the exposure of what was going on. With at last this gratifying denouement of the gang dispersed and disgraced, and all the booty restored to the nation! Fall is not yet behind the bars; Sinclair and Doheny are free and probably will remain so. But we can forego personal revenge. This crime will not be tried again!

The appointment of Dwight Morrow as Ambassador to Mexico was followed promptly by announcements of revolutionary outbreaks in that distracted country. As though Mexicans did not have enough to trouble them in the oil controversies with the United States, the church quarrel with Rome, etc., they must now needs fight among themselves over the question of the presidential succession! All the competing candidates, we note, are generals, who follow the line of least resistance in making appeal to arms. In Mexico, in other words, exactly as in China, the bright hopes of emancipation threaten to be dissipated by the angry and jealous rivalries of the militarists. But we are wondering if the parallel between Mexico and China in this regard does not go farther, much farther, than appears on the surface. Why are all these generals in China fighting among themselves? Why do the Cantonese find armed hosts ready to withstand their advance in any possible direction? The answer is plain—these generals, easily and cheaply purchased, are the military agents of the Western powers who, beaten in diplomacy and popular favor, resort to deliberately fomented civil war as the last weapon against the triumph-

ant revolutionaries of Canton. The same thing is true in the same way in Mexico. The revolution in this long unhappy land has succeeded. The church, the landed proprietors, the English and American exploiters, all have been ousted from control, and the nation restored to its own people. In no country in the world today, not even in Russia, are such wonderful things going forward as in the new Mexico. Now, when the Calles Government is on the very verge of consolidating the revolution, civil war again looms black upon the horizon. Who can doubt that these rebel bandits—Gomez, Serrano, and the rest—are financed by interested parties on this side of the Rio Grande? What is more unlikely than that the plots were hatched at any point more distant from Washington than Wall Street? America has gotten rid of the new democracy in Nicaragua—why not in Mexico also? Dwight Morrow can do many good things in Mexico, none better than to give full support to Calles and Obregon in the stormy days ahead.

Speaking of Nicaragua reminds us that United States marines are still stationed at strategic points in that country, maintaining by their bayonets the puppet government of Diaz. Every few days we see a little half-inch item in the newspapers, stating that marines have slain, sometimes captured, a group of "bandits" in this place or that. These "bandits," of course, are native Nicaraguans fighting as best they can for the independence of their land from the armed forces of the great republic to the north. To call them "bandits" is much as though English despatches in King George III's day had called "the embattled farmers" on Lexington Common or at Bunker Hill "bandits." Washington was conducting just such a guerrilla warfare against England in the dark days of 1776-7 as the Nicaraguans are now conducting against the United States. We think that Washington and his followers were heroic patriots—and by the same token do some of us believe the Nicaraguans to be heroic patriots as well. Indeed, the situation in Nicaragua today is infinitely worse than it ever was yesterday in colonial Massachusetts and New York. For Nicaragua has never belonged to the United States, whereas the American colonies *did* belong to England. What we have done in Nicaragua is to invade the country with armed forces for purposes of conquest. We have put over a ruthless, shameless piece of imperialistic aggrandizement. With the hypocrisy usual in such cases, we state that we are in the country only for the protection of Americans, as General Gage's troops were undoubtedly in Boston in 1775 only for the protection of Englishmen; we proclaim that we shall withdraw our forces just as soon as peace and order are restored, as King George would unquestionably have withdrawn his forces under the same conditions. But we may be sure in this case that military interference will never end until economic interference has been consummated. Whatever the political disguise, American financial interests intend that Niacaragua shall for all practical purposes belong to us. It's a wretched piece of business, but just the sort of thing that has always gone on in modern imperialistic enterprise, and just the sort of thing that is bound to go on ever more and more in contemporary American history. Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Haiti, San Domingo, and now Nicaragua, all show the truth about our Empire.

Newspapers continue to make fun of Prohibition. Politicians agree that it is a failure, and that the people are disgusted with it. New York, Boston, Chicago keep right on howling in derision—and wrath! But whenever any unbiased, thorough-going investigation is made, the same result is invariably discovered—that Prohibition is approved by the country, and is more and more succeeding in its aim. The latest investigation is reported by Dr. Charles Stelzle, who has surveyed special groups of leaders in various fields in nearly one thousand cities scattered through the entire nation. Opinions and information were sought from newspaper editors, school superintendents, chiefs of police, health officers, employers of labor, labor leaders, clergymen, and publicists. He made the survey, he said, "solely to determine what Americans really think of Prohibition today." A majority of newspaper editors (eastern papers, please copy!) reported a favorable attitude toward both the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Of three hundred editors interviewed, 75 per cent favored the Amendment, and 61 per cent the enforcement act.

On the whole, (said Dr. Stelzle) there was practically no difference of opinion as to the economic benefit of prohibition; even among those who are most strenuously opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act, and however inadequately the law may have been enforced, the general opinion seems to be that prohibition has resulted in a higher level of living for all classes in the country."

Speaking of college drinking, Dr. Stelzle declared that reports of excesses in this field were much exaggerated. *Prohibition has not been a failure,* and *the sentiment of the country is not opposed to it,* is the conclusion of his survey. All of which we politely but firmly commend to the attention of the whirling dervishes who talk of nothing but the unpopularity of Prohibition, and its disgraceful failure! Agitation will keep up, of course, so long as thirsty throats are dry, and bootleg whiskey is expensive and dangerous. A goodly crowd of sots have got to die off before the clamor against Volsteadism will cease. But it is time, high time, that sensible men and women recognized that Prohibition is here, and that it is going to stay here, because the great majority of the people believe in it, and because conditions are better than they have ever been in any previous period of the Republic's history.

Our religious denominationalism is taking on even

more revolting aspects, now that all semblance of sincere conviction is being eliminated from denominational bases of distinction. The free interchange of the denominational ministry has often seemed a hopeful sign. But the barriers do not come down. The lines between the denominations are still rigidly drawn. Formerly they were inspired by narrow, bigoted, but sincere differences of opinion. Now they are based upon property rights, interests vested in ecclesiastical machines, prestige and prerogative cherished in dead and meaningless traditions. Theological seminaries, by charter dedicated to the strictest of the sectarian forms, are invaded by students of all religious antecedents, bound for all kinds of denominational goals. A report which we believe to be authentic, though it has not been finally verified, makes it appear that the dyed-in-the-wool Presbyterian ministerial training school at Princeton now enrolls in its student body only forty per cent of Presbyterians. Union seminary in New York has long been a rallying ground for representatives of innumerable sects. The theological schools about the University of Chicago, while retaining their ancient ecclesiastical affiliations, are peopled by students drawn not by denominational loyalties but by numerous other more potent considerations, not omitting that which fastens an eye on the fattest scholarships. Young men educated in this intimate fellowship go out to take charge of ecclesiastical machines built to fight each other. The ministers, especially in the leading pulpits of several of the wealthier denominations, have in numerous cases been enticed from less opulent sects. The time-honored ministerial training school of one of the denominations minor in membership but major in wealth has dwindled until there is a close race between the faculty and student enrollments. There is probably a scramble among the professors as to who shall get the two or three extra students, after one apiece has been claimed. At the same time the outstanding pulpits of this denomination are almost all occupied by men of other denominational antecedents, who were trained in other schools. Denominationalism grows more and more unlovely.

Many an oldster whose arm has lost the vigor it once had to swing a bat or a racket, has nevertheless thrilled to the events of the season of sport. It is doubtless a different kind of sportsman who joined the mob clamoring to pay fifty dollars per for a ring-side seat, which, as Will Rogers remarked, actually lay scarcely within radio range of the field of fistic prowess. Millions during this season have played baseball from bleachers and tennis from the grand stand, just as most of the "fighting" has been done from the top seats of the stadium. There is much to deplore in American sport. Judge Landis and his czaristic colleagues have their hands full, and may not retire from the season's achievements to find repose with too easy a conscience. But Babe Ruth and Bill Tilden and Helen Wills and Bobby Jones are not the meanest Americans nor the least worthy of distinction. It is safer for young America to heroize the chastened Babe Ruth of today than the high-flyer of several years ago. His home run hits fly as high as ever. Ancient as he now is, his record of 60 home runs this season tops his heretofore incomparable record of 59 in 1921. But his personal character has improved even more admirably, now that he has a home and wife and young daughter. The veteran Tilden never towered morally at his zenith as he does now in his decline. He has kept the soul of a high-minded sportsman throughout his brilliant career on the tennis court. And Helen Wills is more than the outstanding woman tennis star of the amateur world. She is an admirable and lovable American girl. American fathers and mothers have good reason to be proud of her as a sweet, clean-living girl. Bobby Jones has triumphed most and best over his own spirit. Several years ago he started the rounds on the St. Andrew's golf course, only to fly out upon a turn of bad luck, tear up his tournament card, scatter its fragments to the wind, and flounce off the links like a spoiled girl. This season he played such a steady, self-controlled game that not only did he establish a world record but drew plaudits unprecedented from the dourest of dour Scots. The commercialism and swaggering rowdyism of too many branches of American sport are disgraceful enough. But the character of a nation is not altogether hopeless whose sports cultivate admirable qualities of character. Culturally, even a Tunney is an advance upon a Dempsey. All good Americans may well yearn that collegiate football may be redeemed from the grossness which all deplore.

Superstition, Belief and Faith

III. Belief

Belief occupies a ground midway between knowledge and faith, partaking of some of the characteristics of each but differing from both in many respects. Like knowledge and faith, it is frequently associated in a most vital way with religion; but of course is not confined to it, nor is it necessarily the most important element in religion.

I shall define belief as the acceptance of a statement, fact or dogma arrived at through the process of reason. It is analogous to conviction, and therefore forms the basis of creeds of theology as it forms the basis of systems of philosophy, politics or economics. It is like superstition in that it is primarily passive, but differs fundamentally from superstition in that all

belief, properly so called, is the product of reason. It differs from knowledge in that belief lacks the absolute assurance which comes from experience. I *know* the apple is round, red, hard and sweet because I have seen, felt and tasted it. Such knowledge has come to me through the avenue of the senses, which is accepted by most people as the surest way in which to *know* the nature of an object. In this case I have not arrived at the conclusions by a process of reason. I have had what might be called "first-hand" information. Nothing can shake me from my assurance that I know the apple. My reason may have entered into this knowing by helping me to compare it with other objects, but reason in this instance has played a very subordinate part.

But there is a large field of nature and of life which I cannot know through the senses in this direct and simple way. There are the problems of philosophy regarding the origin and character of the universe, there are problems of theology regarding the nature of God; there are speculative problems at every turn, the answers to which elude the senses, but which challenge us to think, to formulate theories and to deduce logical formulae. Perhaps it was in a moment of optimism when someone named man "homo sapiens"; perhaps man still displays an astonishing aptitude for ignorance, stupidity and superstition; but it is nevertheless true that man is ever driven on by the eternal quest to know the unknowable, and to solve the riddles of the universe. It is therefore inevitable that there should be numberless convictions covering an almost infinite field of subjects, wherein man has risen above superstition but where he has not yet attained knowledge; in other words, where he believes, but cannot prove.

Beliefs might be briefly classed into two categories; in the one case dealing with convictions which have been directly arrived at through personal individualized reasoning; and secondly, those beliefs which we accept on the authority of others.

First, as to the beliefs derived from immediate rational processes.

There are problems which challenge the individual so intimately and so directly, that no intelligent person can either dodge them or pass them on to others. The reason must grapple with them until it has worked out something like a satisfactory hypothesis if not a final conclusion in the matter. We may turn aside for a little space to engage in recreation and rest, but these persistent problems will continually recur, laying hold of us, besetting us behind and before, refusing to allow us escape until we have thought them through to some sort of solution. The eternal questions of "what, whence, why, and whither" are so inextricably bound up with our whole outlook on life that we must face them in order to live intelligently and successfully. We cannot *know* the answer through the ordinary avenues of the senses. We can and do reason about them,—hence the innumerable beliefs which have come down from ancient times and which abound in the present. These beliefs form the basis of our living and become a vital part of our intellectual integrity.

Of course, beliefs of this sort may be wrong. Reason does not always guide us to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. We may err in a thousand ways in our judgment, as a child may err in solving the simple problems of mathematics. Antiquity has bequeathed to us vast stores of beliefs which we today must discard as inadequate in the light of more recent advances in scientific discoveries. But that does not mean that they must be classed as superstitions, for they were arrived at by processes of reasoning, even if the processes have been proved to be ill-founded and faulty in logic.

Religion, like all phases of life, has its accumulations of beliefs, ancient and contemporary, faulty and clear, and as long as man shall continue to be both a religious and a rational being, he will continue to formulate his creeds and grapple with the eternal problems which pursue him without mercy or rest.

The second category of beliefs rest upon authority which the individual believes to be rational. There are some problems too complex, too difficult for us to solve directly with our limited means of scientific equipment. Take, for example, problems of biology, geology, astronomy, chemistry and physics which challenge all intelligent persons; questions of evolution, age of the earth, distances between the heavenly bodies, the nature of radio transmission, and the character of the atom. Most of the persons who read these words have beliefs about the questions—they are sometimes willing to fight for those convictions and to suffer much sacrifice, yet how many are adequately equipped with the technique of those respective sciences, to come to first-hand solutions? Very few. We have neither the time, the inclination nor the ability to master the instruments of measurement necessary to personal exploration in these varied fields of scientific adventure.

But we believe. Why? Because we have reasoned that the authority *is* sufficiently equipped to know what he is talking about. We do not believe every statement that everyone has made. We have not handed over our minds bag and baggage for someone else to fill. We do not accept unquestioningly and uncritically. We weigh authorities, submit them to our judgment, come to a clear conclusion regarding their worth, and finally accept or reject according as our reason dictates.

Religions, like science, frequently rest on authority, but that does not mean that they are either superstitious or worthless. It depends rather upon what is the basis for the authority. Is it the "ipse dixit" of dogmatism which is intolerant of all discussion and will not brook criticism? If so, beliefs derived from them are apt to fall at the first touch of intellectual

freedom and scientific progress. Or is it the authority which we perceive comes from a great experience which survives all the darts of analysis and logic? In that case it remains and becomes the basis of a rational belief which endures. Such is the authority of a Confucius, Buddha, or Jesus—an authority which has come white hot out of the burning crucible of human experience.

Belief, then, endures. It is inevitable as long as man faces his universe with open mind and responsive heart. But belief is not the highest reach of man's spirit. It does not bring us to the noblest reaches of character or achievement. It needs to be transmuted into the higher realm of faith.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

"Enlarge the Place of Thy Tent"

I

The department of Phonetics used not to exist in universities, and is now one of the most enchanting of those branches which climb into the curricula from limbos little regarded. Of these Experimental Psychology is another example. Of Social Psychology and Social Control, and of much research work, it is likewise true that experience, organized and classified, is gradually promoted—or demoted—to take its place with earlier experience now called "subjects." Many such thereupon lose their magic, and after that the student no longer participates, or even at first hand observes. He merely learns.

But Phonetics is still a magic. So much of a magic, in fact, that its liveliest implications are still unexpressed, and may never get into the curricula at all. Though, to be sure, after being frowned upon and classed as occult in the middle ages and later, physics and chemistry and astronomy did work themselves into good standing. Of the body of Phonetics one may watch something interesting in any such clinic. For example, a child of seven who has had three successful operations for cleft palate, comes in with a palate as admirable as any, but her speech habits were formed before the palate was there, and she still pronounces certain sounds as if she had no hard palate. Unable to form final t, she learns it in two minutes when the teacher bids her to pretend to paste a postage stamp on the roof of her mouth. Phonetics does for the clinic that which, formerly was done only for great vocalists and their more exquisite needs. This is its routine.

But now the child emerges from the building and says: "I can say over my name till I don't know it any more." One recalls Tennyson, as a child., saying over his own name aloud until the world reeled and he lost his orientation. One recalls Du Maurier and that one who sang inside, with whom Marty had nothing to do. One thinks of the energizing power of speech, of song. What is that which arises in one and utters, fitting sound to thought, carving and tinting, burnishing and spiraling, shaking to emotion or soothing to quiet? What is that which points where the mind cannot follow? What is that which hints to us that tone is for us in its infancy; that, rather, we are infants, listening to the simplest rhythms, with an ocean of vibration all untouched? What is music, of which we have almost certainly reached but the physical borderland? What is speech, what is voice? We can define them only by describing their physical machinery. But what are they? "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." We take that figuratively. But we are inclined to take figuratively that which is literal, and literally that which is figurative.

To sit quietly, detaching one's mind from the physical machinery, and then to listen to words issuing from one's own mouth, no matter, for once, what one is saying, is an experience!

What is talking?

II

Which brings one to a small and thrilling recent book by Robert Courtney, called "Beyond Behaviorism." Here we have the whole mechanistic conclusion set forth. Yes, our bodies at birth are primarily muscular, primarily cerebral, or primarily visceral, and we cannot help it. If the first, then we are the athletic type; if the second, we shall excel in intelligence; if the third, then we are above all emotional. There is nothing we can do about it; we merely move on as automata, dominated by one of three. Conceding all this, the author reaches the point of despair, says that all we can ever do with such a creature and his race is to make a bigger and better one, creature and race—more brains, more muscles, more viscera. Such shall be our ambition.

Unless—and here he returns to the case of Psyche the Butterfly, who progresses from caterpillar not by becoming bigger and better, but by a change. Mr. Courtney now says that we are unexplored. That we probably have that within us which can extend our functions and perceptions even as the caterpillar extends its own! And all this upon the earth, all this within the human race. He gives us the tadpole psychology, of one ready to be frog, but hardly aware as yet even of the bank of the stream.

Further, he says that emergence may not be dependent merely upon evolution, but that we may even help ourselves along. He proposes the beginnings of a technique, unconnected with either aspiration or education, as such. A technique whose kindergarten manifestations is one of self-observation, of isolating that

strange and familiar I, and—oneself identified with it—then observing its machine, the body.

Of course any book that says we may be more than we are now is open to the charge of high fantasy. It may be, however, engaging fantasy.

III

Two quite different books are Professor Henry Chester Tracy's "Towards the Open," and Professor Baker Brownell's "The New Universe." Professor Tracy, formerly a teacher of biology, has here an evaluation of education which relates it to and integrates it into life. The chapters, "A Critique of Satisfactions" and "A Life of Education," lift the human being to a stage on which he does not "undergo" education, nor "observe" beauty and art, but experiences both, as process, as breath of life and action. Thus education and art will not merely tell him about things, but will lift him to that plane on which he shall live both.

Professor Brownell, head of the department of Contemporary Thought, at Northwestern University (a significant chair!), tells the story of our nest in space, and brings us to that new cosmos within, which a new *fiat lux* unfolds almost daily from out the old clouds.

IV

Finally, Professor Denis Saurat, in "The Three Conventions," lifts a margin of the fixed, and presents a possibility of the flow of certain forms of thought—always an engaging occupation. Is life a process of Becoming? Or is it merely a process of our Perception of Reality? The latter is the assumption of Professor Saurat, and he proposes that if we wish to perceive more, we would better be about it and not wait for the process of the suns. This is a suggestion which should delight any American. But will it? Professor Saurat's scholarly attempt to approach the nature of being is a suave pressing back of barriers which, he seems to say, the future will see merely as mist.

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

Has nobody ever thought of the fact that a disarmament conference should be composed of those who believe in disarming, a peace conference of those who believe in peace? When advertising men meet in conference to end advertising, when real estate men meet in conference to further the single tax, when stock brokers meet in conference to close the Stock Exchange, we shall believe that admirals and generals and militarists can meet in conference to establish peace. *But not before!*

As we read day by day of medals of the Legion of Honor given to Tom, Dick and Harry, we have come regretfully to the conclusion that there is no decoration today quite so cheap as the French Legion of Honor. Who would want one any more, except on the principle of joining the crowd?

How we would have hooted twenty years ago at the statement of Dr. W. A. Newman Dorland, Chicago surgeon, that men do their best work at fifty years of age, and "world leaders now living reach the height of their ability at from 60 to 70." Now that we are coming in sight of fifty ourself, however, we are inclined to think that Dr. Dorland is right. Especially when he says that preachers "reach their production peak" only at fifty and beyond!

We caught the following in the inimitable "Pleasantries" column of the *Christian Register:*

"In this country justice is open to all—like a **Ritz Hotel.**"

Attributed to a high court judge, this sentence is the best characterization of the actual judicial situation, as regards the poor and the rich, that we have ever seen.

Cornell University announces, on the basis of laboratory investigation, that a woman's brain is not inferior to that of "a man of equal rank." And this announcement gets front-page space in the newspapers! The women must feel flattered.

In a recent issue of UNITY, we announced that India was sending a medical unit to China, to serve in the Cantonese armies. Our Indian correspondent now sends us the melancholy news that the Government of India has refused passports to the members of this unit. Thus does the Empire commend itself to its subjects!

J. H. H.

Stern Armor

We, who have felt the sun of sympathy
And known the haven of a heart at rest,
Have built our homes in regions of the free,
And lain in grateful slumber breast to breast.

Let the world surge below us like the sea.
It can not claim our sturdy lives as prey.
We shall go armed with stern tranquility,
To bear the cross of rebels on our way.

LUCIA TRENT.

Down the Years

Let me go down the years serene,
As in a garden still and green,
Parting the flowers as I pass through,
That, then, as fragrant doors fall to.

Let me go down the years in peace;
And, when from this loved life I cease,
As a flower's death may it be done—
Turning all softly from the sun.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Around Feng's Headquarters

The Peasants

The first sign we had of the daily life around Feng's headquarters was when we learned that General Sun had gone off at 4:30 to attend a lecture by Marshal Feng at five o'clock. Five in the morning, not in the evening. It seems to be a regular event, to start the day properly. Borodin says that Feng is a remarkable speaker, with a powerful voice, a fund of simple, apt illustrations, and vivid energetic poses. When he illustrates the life of the ricksha coolie, he actually is running like a ricksha coolie, so that even a foreigner, not knowing Chinese, gets the feeling of what is said.

Feng, however, like all the other generals, is now putting down the peasants' movement. It seems to have grown too strong and scared him. At first he was all for it, and allowed the various army propagandists, with a more or less Moscow background, to organize Peasant Unions in the territory through which he passed. He thought it would be building up strength for himself. But when these unions got so strong in Shensi that they were passing laws, establishing local government, beginning to affiliate on a province-wide scale and even on a few occasions condemned rich men to death, Feng decided he must disband them. I do not know how roughly he is doing it, for it is taking place in Shensi which we have not yet reached; here in Honan they hardly had time to get started.

One of the leading Russian advisers in Feng's army told me that Chinese peasants are much more easily aroused to take interest in politics than the Russions had been.

> I worked all through the Russian Revolution (he said), and it was always hard to get our peasants to come even to a village meeting. Here in China they come, not only to meetings in their own village, but even fifty kilometers away to a town meeting. I went frequently with Yu Yu Jen (present governor of Shensi appointed by Feng) and saw how the peasants flocked to his meetings. He would first talk to an audience of four or five thousand, while the others waited. Then other peasants, who had come a day's journey or more to hear him would say: 'Rest awhile and then talk to us also.' In this way he would speak to four or five gatherings a day, each one of many thousands. They came by whole villages. They are so poor, so oppressed that they will go anywhere for a word of hope.

He related also the tactics of Yu Yu Jen in organizing peasants. "Whom do you admit to your organization? he asked them. . . . "Well, now, we were going to ask you about that," they answered.

"Then here is my advice," said Yu Yu Jen. "Take only those who till the soil with their own hands, no idlers, no robbers, no opium-smokers, no landlords living from rent or money-lenders living from interest. Is this counsel good?"

"It is very good counsel," said the peasants, and they began excitedly to talk among themselves as to this and that man who must be expelled from their union.

It is a bit sad to realize that at present Yu Yu Jen, who went with our military train to Hankow six weeks ago, has remained there, instead of returning to govern his province. Feng wants him to return, but he also wants him to order the peasant unions disbanded. Yu Yu Jen says, it is reported: "If I tell them to disband, they will do so, for they trust me. But I cannot use their trust in this manner, for it is not the right method."

The second night in Chengchow they gave us a house near the railroad. I wonder who was put out of it to make room for us! Somebody was surely. No civilians, of course; if it ever belonged to civilians they were put out long ago; we understand it is a house of the Railway Administration, which was formerly part French along this line. It is easy to understand how in any revolution, as in any war, the actual ownership of the houses that are being seized is soon lost sight of, remembered only by the original owner somewhere. The chief thing we knew about this house was that it had screens and a water supply—two things which cause great and exceptional joy in this country!

Besides our own guards, an extra guard of honor was presented to us with the house. It is a bit disconcerting to live and move in their presence. My own sleeping-room was a corner of the big front porch, screened from the rest of the dwelling by a big desk, a swinging door and a suspended sheet. But just when I had properly adjusted the sheet and door to insure privacy from all other dwellers in the house and was beginning to dress in the morning, I glanced through the screen to see a couple of neat little soldiers with their straw hats and broadswords walking back and forth a few feet below me. They were well-trained bodyguards, however, and did not look in my direction. This of itself shows great discipline, for every civilian, from the small boys and girls in the streets to the peasants travelling on freight cars, stare for as long as they can see the American foreign lady.

The Chinese sleeping-mat is a great institution. Woven of shiny straw, it can be upended easily to shake off dust. In this it is a great improvement over a sheet, which a single night trails in the universal dust and completely spoils. We are each supplied with a stout army cot and a Chinese mat. So I have discarded my one sheet for ordinary sleeping, using it rather as a curtain against the sun, or for protection against flies.

We have removed one of our autos, a Dodge, from the flat car, and are using it to travel around the town. It is easily the best and newest car in town; the Marshal's two or three aged cars and trucks are nothing to it.

I have been hearing of a group of peasants in northern Honan, who call themselves the Heavenly Gates. . . . It seems that the traditional picture of Chinese peasants, all owning their own land and all intensively conservative for that reason, needs much revision. In the districts of Honan which I visited, the missionaries told me most of the land was owned by rich families, who rented it out to peasants. Honan was supposed to be an exception, but now I am told it is true also of Shensi. . . . Even Honan, the central plain, where it is said the majority are small land-owning farmers, has, I am told, three counties in the north owned by the son of Yuan Shi Kai, and two or three counties to the east owned by a former military governor. There has been no real investigation of Chinese land-holding, I suppose.

But whether as a result of landed oppression or bandit oppression, the Chinese peasants are organizing by themselves against any and all comers. In northern Honan, where no "union" propaganda has reached

them, with a definite program of demands and local government, their organization takes indigenous and fantastic forms with a base of very sound needs. The "Heavenly Gates" numbers, it is said, a million and a half peasants, with the town of Lingsiang as headquarters. They have an Emperor, who puts his seal on a piece of cloth for his soldiers to wear over their hearts as a charm against death. "Soldiers" is not the word; they are peasants armed with pikes and a few revolvers and rifles, hating all soldiers alike.

These armed peasants wear various colors, some red, some blue, some green. They wear on their heads colored horns made of cloth to match their clothing. When going into battle, one shoulder and arm is bare.

So far they seem merely fantastic and superstitious and thus have such peasant groups been considered by most foreign writers. The strength of the Russians in China is that, when they encounter such a phenomenon, they try to learn its demands and needs. These turn out to be pathetically reasonable and basic. Their principles are:

(1) Give no provisions to any armies,
(2) Pay no taxes to any generals,
(3) Allow no armies to live in our houses,
(4) Select our own county magistrate and ruler,
(5) Self-protection, no army protection. We want nothing from any army.

These demands would be found, I imagine, to express the heartfelt cry of all the peasantry of China, bled white by the exactions of the predatory soldiery. Again and again one is reminded in China of the Middle Ages and of all those wandering knights and barons of whom history tells so glibly, but against whom suffering peasants arose only to be cruelly suppressed. This peasant demand in China, however, may easily become mere anarchy if left to itself. These local self-governments are not strong enough to resist large groups of soldiers. Russia seems to be the only country which takes real cognizance of these peasants and tries to furnish a program for uniting them on larger scale, as a base for future civil government. Just now, even the best of the Chinese generals, Feng and the Nationalists, are scared when they see this happen.

There is an amusing tale about Feng's army in its encounter with the "Heavenly Gates." They went to that territory in search of provisions. Have no illusions; these armies of "liberation," with all their fine ideals, need food, and have no money, so they take food from the peasants. They always have, in every country. Sometimes they are clever or decent enough to order their soldiers and cavalry to help the peasants with ploughing and harvest. In this case they are preferred to other armies, but they are never really desired.

When Feng's soldiers, seeking food, came to the territory of the "Heavenly Gates," a group of 8,000 peasants met them in one place with greetings. They said, in effect: "We greet you, we welcome you, but don't ask anything from us." When it rained, the soldiers were not allowed to come inside the peasant houses for shelter. When it was hot and dusty, no one would give them a drink of water. According to this peasant's organization, it was against their principles to give any help of any kind to armies. "You leave us alone, and we leave you alone," they said to Feng's soldiers. So the baffled soldiers returned to Chengchow.

The two points of view within the nationalist movement are aptly but simply illustrated by a conversation between a Chinese general and his Russian adviser, related to me by the latter.

"I said to my general: 'You tell me that no agrarian revolution is needed. But the son of Yuan Shi Kai owns three counties. Is this just?' 'Certainly it is not just,' he answers. 'He got them by robbery.' . . . 'Then let us take them from him and give them to the peasants,' I tell him. . . . 'Oh, no,' he cries, 'we must use all our energy now in taking Peking.'"

There's the fundamental difference; some people think they will gain energy by arousing and satisfying the peasants as they go; others want to hold the peasants quiet and docile till nationalist generals take Peking from other generals and consolidate a government. It is not so simple a question as it seems at first sight; there are many complicating currents.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Chengchow, August, 1927.

Dr. Gilbert Reid and His Unique Mission to China

Some forty years ago, there went to China from America a brilliant, large-minded, forward-looking, courageous, thoroughly international-minded young Presbyterian missionary, who was destined to give to China and the Orient a new and wholly unique kind of Christian mission. The regrettable news has just arrived of his death. I refer to Gilbert Reid, founder and director-in-chief of the International Institute of China, located in Shanghai.

His purpose in going to China was to engage in Christian missionary work of the accredited orthodox kind. After twelve years of experience of this, he became convinced that the Chinese people needed something better, and that American Christianity ought to be able to give them something better. Accordingly he resigned connection with the Presbyterian Missionary Board, so as to be free (although retaining connection with the Presbyterian Church), and originated something absolutely new in the missionary field, namely his "International Institute" or "Mission Among the Higher Classes in China," an institution not propagandist but educational; thoroughly international, as the name indicates; standing for the absolutely unsectarian Christianity of the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man, and the Golden Rule, and having for its aim to bring all the religions of China, and all the sects of Christianity represented in China, into acquaintance and sympathy, and as far as possible into practical cooperation with one another, and also in every way possible to promote acquaintance and friendly relations between China and all other nations.

Dr. Reid started his institute in Peking, the capital of China, where it soon attracted the attention and won the favor and support of a considerable number of high officials of the government and other prominent Chinese leaders in various walks of life. After a few

years, it was thought best to remove it to Shanghai, where it erected substantial buildings.

The means employed to carry on its work were many, among others the following:

Day and evening classes, held in the Institute for promoting various lines of study.

Courses of lectures and single lectures by Dr. Reid and others.

Forums and gatherings for public discussion of important public questions.

Much of the time regular Sunday meetings with sermons and religious addresses by representatives of all faiths—all the speakers having absolute freedom in presenting their own ideas, but not being allowed to attack other religions.

An international reading room and library, with periodicals and books representing all sections of China, all the leading countries of the world, and all religions.

Writing for periodicals, and publishing a paper, and thus by means of print giving to the public the ideals and principles of the Institute.

Social gatherings, carefully planned, to bring together for acquaintance representatives of different classes, Chinese and foreigners, living in China.

Receptions to distinguished travelers or other persons visiting China, and where possible addresses or lectures for such.

Dr. Reid's new kind of mission did not find much favor with the Christian missionaries generally. A few, however, of the taller souls, of the larger-minded men, sympathized with him and gave him such support as they were able. Naturally, his own denomination for the most part looked with much misgiving upon his ideas and plans. Nevertheless, a considerable number of Americans, Presbyterians and others had so much faith in him that they subscribed larger or smaller sums to enable him to carry on his work. A few Europeans living in Shanghai and Peking became interested and helped; but the larger part of his support came from intelligent and large-minded Chinese who realized the high character and value of his International Institute.

Owing to the unsettled state of China and conflicting political influences, the fortunes of the Institute experienced many changes; sometimes it was prosperous and widely popular for a considerable period, and then with a change in the government and in general political and social conditions, there would be a period, longer or shorter, when the Institute would decline in public favor and in financial support. More than once, in dark days, to keep the wolf from his own door and to prevent disaster to his Institute, Dr. Reid was compelled to resort to his pen, as editorial writer for periodicals in Peking and Shanghai, and as China correspondent of the London *Times* and the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

He early acquired an unusual mastery of the Chinese language, both as spoken and written, which won him favor with the mandarins. He interested himself deeply and sympathetically in Chinese history, literature, art, and civilization, which brought him into close touch with the people and gave him wide influence. He was active in public and political matters and became a prized and trusted counselor and adviser of some of the most eminent political and public leaders. He was too careful and conservative to suit some and too radical and progressive to please others; so, of course, he made enemies as well as friends. But nobody doubted his deep interest in the welfare of China. He was thoroughly in sympathy with the struggle of the Chinese people for freedom, though not always with the methods employed to obtain it. It is doubtful if a wiser book on the Chinese revolution has been written than his "China Captive or Free." He was strongly opposed to China's entering the war of 1914-1918, that is, to her being forced into it by Great Britain and Japan, for it was against the wish and will of nearly all the Chinese people; he saw that nothing but evil could come to China from it. Because of the stand taken by him in this connection, he was banished for a time from the country. But on his return after the war, he found he still had the confidence and high regard of all the better elements of the nation.

My own acquaintance with Dr. Reid began in the winter of 1913-1914, in connection with my tour in the Orient as Billings Lecturer of the American Unitarian Association and as agent of the International Liberal Religious Congress Committee to make preparations for Liberal Religious Congresses in Japan, China and India. At his request, I gave a series of lectures on Liberal Religion before his Institute, in the name of the Billings Foundation; and on this recommendation the Institute invited the holding of a General Liberal Religious Congress for all China, under its auspices.

Later, the American Unitarian Association appointed Dr. Reid its Billings Lecturer in China, for the period of a year. While holding this position, he delivered an extended series of lectures before the Institute on "The Religions of the Orient," repeating the series wholly or in part in other cities. A little later, he published these lectures as a book under the title "A Christian's Appreciation of Other Faiths." Among the many works on comparative religion which have been written within the past twenty-five years, it is doubtful if anyone gives a better informed, more interesting, or more practically useful presentation of the subject than is to be found in this volume by Dr. Reid.

Dr. Reid never called himself a Unitarian; but he warmly sympathized with Unitarianism, and for nearly forty years he did, with great ability and courage the things which Unitarians care for, that is, he stood for, lived for, and thought for, light, intelligence, human brotherhood, international, inter-racial, and inter-religious good-will, and every kind of freedom.

What will become of the International Institute now that its founder and superintendent is gone, nobody can tell. It has a strong Board of Trustees in China and an Advisory Committee in America, but can anyone be found capable of taking up the difficult and unique work which the great leader has laid down? And in the present disturbed condition of China, can money enough be found to enable the work of the Institute to be carried on with success?

One thing may be said with confidence. Dr. Reid has been a pioneer in a new kind of missionary work which cannot hereafter be ignored, which can hardly fail to have a wide, even if largely unrecognized, influence upon future Christian missions in China and the whole Orient, in causing them to be less dogmatically propagandist, less sectarian, more sympathetic toward non-religious faiths and more concerned to promote human brotherhood between all nations, all races, and all religions.

J. T. Sunderland.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER V

Result of Introspection

When in 1893 I came in close contact with Christian friends I was a mere novice. They were trying hard to bring home to me and make me accept the message of Jesus and I was a humble and respectful listener with an open mind. At this time I naturally studied Hinduism to the best of my ability and endeavored to understand other religions.

In 1903 the position was somewhat changed. Theosophist friends certainly intended to draw me into their Society, but that was with a view to geting something from me as a Hindu. Theosophical literature is replete with Hindu influence, and so these friends had expected that I might be very helpful to them. I explained to them that my Sanskrit study was not much to speak of, that I had not read the Hindu scriptures in the original, and that even my acquaintance with them through translations was of the slightest. But being as they were believers in *sanskara* (impressions of previous births) and *punarjanma* (rebirth), they assumed that I should be able to render some help at least. And so I felt like a Triton among the minnows. I started reading Swami Vivekananda's "Rajyoga" with some of them and M. N. Dwivedi's "Rajyoga" with others. I had to read Patanjali's "Yoga Sutras" with a friend and the "Bhagavad Gita" with quite a number. We formed a sort of Seekers' Club and had regular readings there. I had already a fascination for and faith in the Gita. Now I realized the necessity of diving deeper into it. I had with me one or two translations, by means of which I tried to understand the original Sanskrit and decided to get by heart one or two verses every day. For this purpose I employed the time of my morning ablutions. The operation took me thirty-five minutes, fifteen minutes for the tooth-brush and twenty for the bath. The first I used to do standing in the Western fashion. So on the wall opposite I would stick slips of paper with the Gita verses written thereon and referred to them from time to time to help my memory. This time was found sufficient for memorizing the daily portion and recalling the verses already done. I remember having thus committed to memory thirteen chapters. But the memorizing of the Gita had to give way to the increase of other work and the birth and nursing of Satyagraha which absorbed all my thinking time, as the latter may be said to be doing even now.

What effect this reading of the Gita had on the friends with whom I read it, only they can say, but for me the Gita became an infallible guide of conduct. It became my dictionary of daily reference. Just as I turned to the English dictionary for English words that I did not understand, I turned to this dictionary of conduct for a ready solution of all my troubles and trials. The words like *aparigraha* (non-possession) and *samabhava* (equability) gripped me. How to cultivate and preserve that equability was the question. What was the meaning of making no distinction between insulting, insolent, and corrupt officials, co-workers of yesterday raising meaningless opposition, and men who had always been good to you? And how was one to divest himself of all possessions? Was not the body itself possession enough? Were not the wife and children possessions? Was I to burn all the cupboards of books I had? Was I to burn my boats, give up all I had and follow Him? Straight came the answer: I could not follow Him unless I gave up all I had. My study of English law came to my help. Snell's discussion of the maxims of Equity came to my memory. I understood in the light of the Gita teaching more clearly the implication of the word "trustee." My regard for jurisprudence increased, I discovered religion therein. I understood that Gita teaching of non-possession to mean that those who desired salvation should act like the trustee, who though having control over great possessions regards not an iota of it as his own. It became clear to me as daylight that non-possession and equability presupposed a change of heart, a change of attitude. I then wrote to Revashankerbhai to allow the policy to lapse and get whatever could be recovered or else to regard the premiums already paid as lost, for I had been convinced that God who created my wife and children as well as myself would take care of them. To the brother who had been as father to me, I wrote that I had offered him all that I had saved up to that moment, but that he should expect nothing from me in future, for all savings, if any, would be utilized for the benefit of the community.

I could not easily make my brother understand this. In stern language he explained to me my duty towards him. I should not, he said, aspire to be wiser than Father. I must support the family as he did. I submitted to him that I was doing exactly what Father did, only the meaning of "family" should be slightly widened and the wisdom of my step would be clear.

My brother gave me up, and practically stopped all communication with me. I was deeply pained, but it would have been a greater pain to give up what I considered to be my duty, and I preferred the lesser. But that did not affect my devotion to my brother which remained as pure and great as ever. His excessive love for me was the root of his misery. He did not want so much my money as that I should be well-behaved towards the family. Towards the end of his life, however, he appreciated my viewpoint. When he was on his death bed he realized that my step was right and he wrote to me a most pathetic letter. He apologized to me, if indeed a father may apologize to his son. He commended his sons to my care, to be brought up as I thought fit, and expressed his impatience to meet me. He cabled to me that he would like to come to South Africa and I cabled in reply that he could. But that was not to be. His desire as regards his sons could also not be fulfilled. He died before he could start for South Africa. His sons had been brought up in the old atmosphere and they could not change their course of life. I could not draw them to me. It was not their fault. "Who can say thus far, no further, to the tide of his own nature?" Who can erase the indelible impressions with which one is born? It is idle to expect

one's children and wards necessarily to follow the same course of evolution as oneself.

This instance somewhat serves to show what a terrible responsibility it is to be a parent.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Added Light on the Case that Will Not Die

The wireless did not bring to our steamer in mid-Pacific the tidings that Sacco-Vanzetti had actually been executed and when we landed at San Francisco and learned that they had been done to death, it seemed incredible. During these six long years since the fatal verdict was pronounced, the refrain ringing in the hearts of the lovers of the Old Bay State, "Massachusetts will never suffer her record to be stained with the judicial murder of these two men" has sounded a message of faith and hope. The shock of the truth therefore was overwhelming and revived the memory of that afternoon in Maine when the paper brought the news that the jury had adjudged the accused "guilty." The *Herald* had assigned one of the best reporters in Boston to the case and his full accounts of each day's court proceedings were unusually painstaking and exact. How such a verdict could have been reached on the basis of the testimony exhibited in this newspaper was inexplicable. All over New England people could hardly believe their senses when they learned the outcome of the trial.

Now that the end of these two lives has been reached and the details of further light upon the entire story are being gathered in the hope of unearthing testimony that may clarify the case, it seems pertinent to recall one episode, known but never yet fully published.

In the spring of 1921 some weeks before the Dedham trial opened, a letter from the Social Service Department of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was received by me, then Executive Secretary of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches and Religious Organizations, stating that the fear had been expressed in some quarters in New York that the case against Sacco and Vanzetti had been framed up by the police and suggesting that our Federation might be moved to send two unofficial observers to attend the trial and report their convictions regarding it. The letter was referred to our Board of Directors, who of course had no sympathy with this suspicion of a frame-up and who thought that in case the prisoners were found guilty the testimony of these two observers might be of decided benefit in strengthening faith in the courts of the State. A postal vote of the directors absent as well as present at the meeting was ordered with the result of a favorable decision by a very large majority. Two volunteer observers therefore were secured, one a woman, a leading personality, keen-minded, of wide public experience, who had the reputation of being the ablest woman in the State to present before legislative hearings on proposed bills the side of humanity and public welfare; the other a man whose profession was teaching and who well represented the average citizen. These two observers attended the trial from beginning to end and at its conclusion each presented a written report. The man stated that his conviction, based on the evidence, was that the jury should have brought in a verdict of not guilty, his feeling being that a Scotch verdict of "not proven" fitted the case. The woman in a masterly document which reviewed the trial with great ability and impartiality reported her conclusion to be both that on the evidence presented the accused should have been declared not guilty and that the conduct of the judge had deprived the prisoners of a fair trial.

The directors of the Federation considered these reports most carefully and, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the President and Executive Secretary to secure immediate publicity for the entire incident, the majority decided that the documents should not be made public pending final adjudication of the case by the courts of the State. At a subsequent meeting of the directors the matter was thoroughly discussed a second time with like result.

Pending this disposition of the matter by the Federation, word had come to the office that two of the Boston dailies had detailed their ablest men to report the trial, that one of them went to Dedham in the assured belief that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty but was compelled by the evidence to reverse his conviction and to come to the conclusion that they were innocent. He wrote to a friend an exhaustive account of the trial in which he roundly criticised the judge for his evident partiality and his unjust conduct of the case. A copy of this letter reached our office. The other reporter was by the testimony given at the trial so convinced of the innocence of the accused and was so moved by the unfairness of the judge that he unselfishly devoted large time to the unearthing of new evidence to clear the condemned prisoners.

In the summer of 1926 tidings came to me, then in Italy, that the date for the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti had been set for July of that year. No corroboration of this was possible at the time, but not having learned of any publication of the above facts, I determined to lay them before Governor Fuller and fearing that my letter might not reach him in time I cabled asking him to postpone the execution until he had had opportunity to consider my communication. I referred him for all facts to the President of the Federation who could procure for his examination all the documents in the Federation office. My letter did not call or look for any personal reply from the Governor and this expectation was realized.

Over against the fact that the twelve men comprising the jury arrived at the verdict of guilty, a second impressive fact must be placed, namely, that five persons who attended the trial, Mrs. Glendower Evans, whose untiring efforts to save Sacco and Vanzetti deserve the gratitude of history, the two able reporters alluded to above and the two observers commissioned by the Federation of Churches, five "good men and true" to whom the accused meant only two of the great mass of unknown humans, listening to the testimony as the jury did, came to a diametrically opposite conviction.

A case like this can never be downed. Once more in her history Massachusetts has dyed her hands red. A new judicial name stands beside those of Jeffreys of the Bloody Assize, Caiaphas who approved of a judicial murder that might save the State, and Sewall, victim of mob passion, who lived long enough to confess and deplore his error. Only a few months ago publication

was made of the fact that Massachusetts was one of four States of the Union (the other three also in New England) which had never known a lynching. Lynchings are due to mob madness, a fact which does not palliate though it does account for them, and to this category of mob psychology belongs the legal doing to death of the witches in Salem. But a judicial murder like that of Sacco and Vanzetti is far more of a social crime than mob violence and when lynchings are forgotten, the story of the sacrifice of these two humble men will survive, a stain upon the name of the Commonwealth that so many of us love and revere.

At the time of the Church Federation episode related above, one of Massachusetts' blue-blooded aristocracy, a man bearing the imprint of one of our greatest universities, a leader in his denomination, a faithful public servant and professional friend of criminals to secure fairer treatment for whom he had done much, remarked to me, "Even if these two men were innocent of that murder, they are anarchist rascals and ought to hang." One wonders as he ponders the story of Sacco and Vanzetti whether this sentiment plus the opinion attributed to Caiaphas that a life which menaces the State must be sacrificed, does not largely explain the motives of the judges, the governor and his commissioners, upon whose shoulders must ever rest the burden of this injustice.

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

The Study Table

Book Notes

Beacon Press, The, 25 Beacon St., Boston.

The Makers of the Meadville Theological School, 1844 to 1894, by Francis A. Christie. An interesting account of the men who directed the destinies of a liberal theological school for half a century. One wishes that Professor Christie had also covered the period from '94 to '27, which he is specially well equipped to do. The liberal record of the school was well begun by Frederic Huidekoper. When the faculty in 1854, adopted a rule that would have excluded any one who questioned "the divine origin of Christianity," Prof. Huidekoper dissented, though he himself accepted the doctrine at issue. Unable to secure a change of policy in this matter, he resigned. But when in the Fall of 1856 the creedal rule was cancelled, Prof. Huidekoper accepted re-election to his old chair. A real liberal is one who contends earnestly for the right of others to hold opinions with which he himself does not agree.

The Moods of Gwynn Myrick, by George H. Badger. Whimsical, capricious, and wayward verses, many of them of a decidedly "humanistic" quality, with a fair proportion of "sea-poetry" with many lines reminiscent of the old Isles of Shoals days.

Great Companions, by Robert French Leavens. An anthology of prose and verse, from ancient and modern sources, on man's relation to nature, to mankind, and to God.

The Macmillan Company, 64-66 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Ideals of Conduct, by John Dashiell Stoops. The old objective "status" morality organized the will about such social interests as family, property, and the state. Then came a period of transition when the older objectives were criticised in the interest of the inner life, resulting in a detachment from wordly affairs. But inner morality broke down save as a rehearsal for a fuller life in society. Since conduct is determined primarily by *mores,* scientific morality would by the increase of knowledge and intelligence deepen and enrich the objective pattern of conduct.

Finding the Trail of Life, by Rufus M. Jones. A psychologist recalls his boyhood days in a New England Quaker village, and arrives at the conclusions that boys are better than they seem to be, that they are more difficult to understand than is usually supposed, and that they are naturally susceptible to spiritual reality.

New Schools for Older Students, by Nathaniel Peffer. An illuminating survey of the opportunities for adult education in forums, institutes, museums, leagues and labor colleges.

Luther Burbank, His Religion of Humanity, by Frederick W. Clampett. Introduction and epilogue by David Starr Jordan. While scientific achievements alone do not necessarily equip one to speak authoritatively in religion, nevertheless a man of science may achieve a worthier point of view than do some professed theologians. Such was the case with Luther Burbank, who rejected the God of the creeds but worshipped what he called "the infinite, everlasting, Almighty God of this vast universe as revealed to us gradually by the demonstrable truths of our savior, Science." He believed in a live, not a dead universe; his allegiance was to the "Kingdom Within." With him the supreme test of religion was to lose oneself in the good of others.

New Education Publishing Co., The, 11 West 68th St., New York City.

Humanizing Education, by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Short, stimulating, suggestive essays dealing with human nature, society, and education for life in complex social relations, interspersed with apt quotations from Bertrand Russell, James Harvey Robinson, John Dewey, and others who have attacked the problem of education.

Open Court Publishing Co., The, 337 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago.

Schleirmacher's Soliloquies, Critical Introduction and Appendix, by Horace Leland Freiss. In which Schleirmacher in translation and Prof. Freiss in critical analysis tell of the multifarious spiritual attractions that entered into the making of the religious philosophy of the Father of All the Modernists.

Relativity. A debate at Indiana University between Prof. Robert D. Carmichael, Department of Mathematics, University of Illinois, and Prof. Harold T. Davis, University of Indiana, favoring the theory of relativity, and Prof. William D. MacMillan, Department of Astronomy, University of Chicago, and Prof. Mason E. Hufford, Department of Physics, Indiana University, opposing the theory, with an introduction by Prof William Lowe Bryan, President, Indiana University. An able effort to make a difficult subject understandable.

CURTIS W. REESE.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

GENEVA'S GOLDEN RULE DINNER

"Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "it is a great thing to dine, with the canons of Christ Church." So it seemed to a small group of Americans who were in Geneva on September eighth, a great thing to dine with a goodly company representing twenty-two nations, gathered together because of an intense interest in some specific world problems for which they were endeavoring to find a solution. For the fourth year they were having an International Golden Rule Dinner, and the general theme this year was the task of securing permanent homes for the refugees, who through all the years since the war and the deportation have had no other dwelling place than unhealthful refugee camps.

Among the speakers and guests of honor were Mr. Albert Thomas, who is director of the International Labor Office, one of the outstanding men of France; Senator Justin Godart of Paris, former Minister of Education; Senator Louis de Brouckere of Brussels; the Rt. Hon. Lord Radstock of London, and Charles V. Vickrey of New York. Other distinguished guests were Albin Peyron, Commander of the Salvation Army in France; Mr. Gentle-Cackett of the Bible Lands Mission, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; Dr. Paul Schutz, Secretary of the Orient Missions in Germany; Capt. Gracey of the British Society, "Friends of Armenia," and Mrs. Glanville of the Near East Relief of Australia.

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of Washington, D. C., Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson of New York, and Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker of Austin, Texas, were of the American group.

The refugees for whose welfare Mr. Thomas, Lord Radstock and other speakers made eloquent pleas were those who had fled from their former homes in Turkey, southward into Syria. To provide homes for those who, following the Smyrna disaster, had sought refuge in Greece, efforts are already being made to redeem the waste lands of that country by draining swamps, and in other sections undertaking irrigation projects. Similar plans are now being made for Syria. the general program includes:

1. The installation at Beirut of a new Armenian quarter to replace the present miserable camp. A credit of three million francs has been granted by the High Commissioner from funds of the Lebanon loaned for this purpose. The site has been bought and housing plans are now being carried out.
2. Making healthy and improving the camps at Aleppo.
3. Draining the marshes at Alexandretta, where six thousand Armenians are camping in wretched huts and are being weakened and decimated by the ravages of malaria and other diseases.
4. The placing in agricultural centers of families of tillers of the soil at present grouped at the camps, with a view to promoting, not only the definite settlement of refugees as farmers or proprietors, but the early complete abolition of the refugee camps.

Experiments which have already been carried out in several agricultural centers have been eminently successful. With a small loan made to the individual families, sufficient to provide a team of oxen; agricultural implements, seeds and a small "stake," the same result has been secured in Syria and the Lebanon as was proven possible in Greece as a result of the efforts of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission.

Mr. Vickrey voiced America's interest in the efforts being made in behalf of the refugees as well as its interest in the case of the orphans for whom our country has felt primarily responsible, and who are still dependent on the friends of children. He also expressed his great pleasure at seeing that people of many nations, some of them widely separated geographically, were glad to come together for this simple Golden Rule meal. It seemed an evidence of the fact that those of all lands, and all faiths believe that the world's ills and sorrows can be healed through the application of the Golden Rule.

The following resolution, passed by the International Near East Association, which is composed of twenty-five national societies, was read by the secretary, Mr. Gordon L. Berry, and endorsed by the four hundred guests at the dinner: "Resolved: That we earnestly urge the continued and increasingly general observance of International Golden Rule Sunday (December 4, 1927) as a day when people of all nations, races and religions are asked to give practical expression to the world brotherhood of man, recognizing the eternal obligation of the strong to help the weak, the rich to share with the poor, the employed with the unemployed, and prosperous with those in adversity.

"That, while we recognize the right of each donor or national organization to allocate funds according to special personal or national interests and obligations, we respectfully suggest that a substantial portion, if not all, of the Golden Rule contributions of 1927 be made available for child welfare work and the settlement on lands in Syria on a self-supporting basis of the Armenian refugees now eking out a miserable existence in the refugee camps in or near Beirut, Aleppo, and other congested centers."

MINNA MCEUEN MEYER.

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTIONS AND BABEL

For a generation or more we have been hearing about the possible adoption of an auxiliary language which shall serve as a common medium for all the world, or for at least a large part of it. Why is such a language needed or wanted? That is not a difficult question to answer. Everyone who has ever attended an international congress, particularly if held at any place in continental Europe, will remember the great loss of time, energy and money in the use of several official

Correspondence

Postage Stamps

Editor of UNITY:

Mr. Edwin D. Mead's letter to UNITY, published in the October third issue, regarding German postage stamps was thought-provoking. While I was pondering upon their educational value, and wondering why other countries did not follow this example, my mail arrived. The first letter was from Paris and bore a postage stamp on which the portrait of Pasteur was printed. I wonder if there are other countries which thus honor their poets and scientists.

H. S. N.

A Request For Bill Simpson

Editor of UNITY:

You remember that last year Bill Simpson wrote his autobiography for your paper. Now he wants to go to India to see Gandhi. I am in favor of his doing this, as I believe it would strengthen his message very much. I am wondering if you could insert a note in UNITY to the effect that Bill Simpson is planning to go to see Gandhi, and asking if any one would be willing to contribute towards the expenses of his trip.

Yale University. JEROME DAVIS.

[Our readers will remember Bill Simpson's impressive autobiography. We should like to see him make a pilgrimage to Gandhi, and we are glad, therefore, to publish the above suggestion.—Editor.]

Unity Doing Good Work

Editor of UNITY:

I enclose herewith one dollar (wishing it were $100) for which I wish you to send me ten extra copies just as quickly as you may. And, if I do not succeed in properly advocating your cause "for living in this world," and get you some new readers, it will greatly disappoint me.

UNITY is doing splendid work for mankind; and I know it would do more if only more people read it and did a little unprejudiced thinking. For, surely there is given in its columns, every issue, worlds and worlds of "food for thought."

My great regret is that I may not do more to promote such work; but, of such as I have of time, brains and money, I give freely. Hoping you will "take the will for the deed," and that some measure of good may flow to you and to all whom I am able to contact, through your printed pages, I am, with high hopes and all good wishes,

Devotedly yours, for true Fellowship and
Unity among all nations, by the
light of Reason and Understanding,
SPENCER M. DEGOLIER.

languages, such, for example, as English, French, German and Italian. The polyglot Secretary of the congress reads all the proposed resolutions in the several languages, so that all present may clearly understand what is being suggested. The proceedings of the congress involve the oral use of several languages. The same is true of the printed records subsequently issued. This results in much confusion and misunderstanding. The author's original meaning is often lost or his own text is mutilated in the translation made by another who may have had very little, if any, knowledge of the subject under discussion.

Not only in connection with international congresses, but in many other phases of modern life, there has arisen a real need for an inter-linguistic tool which shall be mechanically perfect as a true medium for the communication or interchange of thought. Men of science, technicians, investigators, students, editors, librarians, collectors and travelers are among those who would directly benefit from the adoption and use of a common tongue. Nor would it or should it displace any of the natural languages which are so precious to all those to whom they may belong. We do not propose to destroy or impair our heritage of literary treasures either ancient or modern.

An international delegation of famous linguists and philologists, after several years of intensive collaboration, brought out Ido (pron. id-o) at the beginning of this century, as an international language most international in character. Ido is irreducibly simple; phonetic; one letter, one sound, no accented letters; only one conjugation; no number or person to the verb; no declension; no agreement between adjectives and nouns; no case endings except an optional accusative or objective case for infrequent use in inversions, similar to our English "whom." The accent falls upon the penultimate syllable except in the infinitive verb of which the last syllable is accented. No gender except that which may be clearly evident from the nature of the word itself. The pronouns and correlative words are essentially natural.

There are many who, never having taken the pains to investigate the history of auxiliary languages, consider the entire matter nothing more than a transitory fad, not aware that scholars in the past three centuries have experimented with this problem, so that more than a hundred systems have been devised, successively improving, until Esperanto in the eighties of the last century attracted nearly a million followers. As all these were the creation of individuals they naturally reflected the tastes and prejudices of their authors. Leading Esperantists therefore elected above mentioned body of linguistic scholars, with the result that Ido was adopted and an Academy of experts was elected to perfect wherever improvement may prove necessary.

What do others say about this problem? Dr. Louis Couturat, in his "Plea for an International Language," said:

"It devolves upon each one of us to hasten this great reform, which will mark in the history of humanity an epoch comparable with the invention of printing, and will powerfully contribute to the advancement of science and civilization."

General Leman, the defender of Liege during the World War, said:

"I am an adherent of the International Language, a convinced adherent. What astonishes me, confuses me and annoys me is to encounter even in the 20th century!—many cultivated men who, without opposing it, see nothing in it but a joke, almost unworthy of the attention, an invention purely theoretical and without any future. What blindness! The definite institution of the International Language will be the greatest progress of civilization. I would even assert, without fear of mistake, that it is the necessary condition of a complete civilization."

Professor Otto Jespersen, the well-known philologist of the University of Copenhagen, said, at a lecture in London University, in June, 1920:

"Ido has, through these endeavors from co-operators in many countries, attained such a high degree of perfection that I should not hesitate in advocating its adoption as the official language of the League of Nations."

Dr. Henry D. Hubbard, Secretary of the U. S. Board of Standards, says:

"I am intensely interested in the international language movement. It is as essential to the transportation of ideas as railroads and steamship lines are to the transportation of things."

Any intelligent person is able to construct simple sentences in Ido after only a few hours of study. One may convince himself (Ido uses here a pronoun expressing both sexes) by sending ten cents to the undersigned for the book teaching Ido without an instructor.

Internaciona linguo esas necesa en la moderna mondo. Omna homi esas frati, ma (but) stranjeri per diversa lingui.

Who cannot get the meaning of this?

Sincerely,
For World Understanding and World Peace.

The International Language (Ido) Society of America. Secretary: F. Krafft, 484 Morse Ave., Ridgefield, New Jersey.

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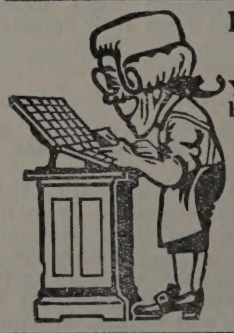

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